QUEENIE

Helen Fuller Orton

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The Story of a Cow

"SOMETIMES THEY WOULD PLAY WITH THE NEW CALF"

QUEENIE : : *The Story of* A COW : : *By* HELEN FULLER ORTON

Author of "Prince and Rover of Cloverfield Farm," "Bobby of Cloverfield Farm," "Summer at Cloverfield Farm," "Winter at Cloverfield Farm," "The Little Lost Pigs," "Prancing Pat."

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The Story of a Cow

A new moon was rising over the orchard, one evening in May, when Mr. Wood came home from the village and brought the mail.

"Here is good news," he said, holding up a letter.

"Who wrote it?" asked his son, Ted, who stopped bounding his ball, now that Father had come with news.

"It is from your Aunt Margaret," replied Mr. Wood.

Ted's Aunt Margaret and Uncle Robert and Cousin Nancy lived in a great city by the seashore. Many an interesting letter came from them, telling of strange things that Ted had never seen. So he now asked eagerly, "What does the letter say?"

"Yes, what is the news?" asked Mother.

Mr. Wood read: "We are going across the ocean on our vacation. We are to be

gone all summer and are to travel in many places. May Nancy stay with you while we are away?"

"Of course," said Mother. "We shall be glad to have Nancy with us. I shall write at once and ask her to come."

Ted had heard about Nancy all his life, but he had never seen her.

"How old is Nancy?" he asked. "Can she run and climb trees?"

"She is just your age, eight years old,"

replied Mrs. Wood.

"Surely Nancy can run," said Father. "I do not know that she has ever had a chance to climb trees, as she has lived in the city all her life."

"I am sure you will have good times together," said Mother.

"Of course," said Father. "Perhaps she has never petted a calf or seen a rabbit-hole or watched the cows come up from pasture or seen a haymaking."

"I'll show her all those things," said Ted. "And lots more, too."

"I have another piece of good news," said Father.

"What is it?" asked Ted.

"I saw Mr. Wagner, of the North Road, at the village and I have arranged to buy a cow from him."

"I am glad we are to have another one," said Mrs. Wood. "Then I can make more butter."

"She is a very fine cow," said Mr. Wood. "She gives a great deal of milk. I am going to buy her calf, too."

Ted's eyes sparkled. "May I have the calf for mine?" he begged.

"Why! Yes," said Father. "The calf may be yours. And you must see that it is always fed and cared for. I'll get them

both next week."

A week later Nancy had come; and the very first afternoon she and Ted were going down the lane. Birds were singing around them, flowers were blooming at the side of the lane, and bees were buzzing here and there.

On one side the lane led past the peach orchard, on the other side past the cornfield. Suddenly Ted stopped and said, "Hush!"

He climbed very quietly over the fence, tiptoed to the nearest peach tree and looked at something on one of the low branches.

Nancy was all this time watching him. In a moment he motioned her to follow. She climbed the fence and tiptoed to the peach tree.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"Look," said Ted, holding aside a small limb.

There was a bird's nest, with four blue

"THERE WAS A BIRD'S NEST WITH FOUR BLUE EGGS"

eggs.

"Oh!" exclaimed Nancy. "Aren't they pretty? What a cunning nest?"

When they had looked at it a few moments, Ted said, "We must go away now. The mother bird will want to come back."

They had not gone a rod away when a red-breasted bird flew into the peach tree and hopped into the nest.

"That is a robin's nest," said Ted.

They had gone only a little farther, when Ted suddenly darted off into a fence corner on the side of the lane next to the cornfield.

"Did you ever see a rabbit-hole?" he called.

Nancy went over and looked at the hole in the ground beside a big stone. She stooped over and peeked into it, but could not see far, as the passage was crooked.

"Does a rabbit really live there?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Ted. "I have seen one go in there many a time. When there is snow on the ground we see rabbit tracks around here."

Next they came to the calf pasture. The only calf there was one named Mollikin. She was near the fence, but went running off to the far side when they tried to pet her.

"Mollikin won't let me play with her any more," said Ted. "But we are going to buy another calf. We are going to buy the mother cow, too. The cow is named Queenie. The calf is going to be mine."

"I hope it will be a more friendly calf," said Nancy.

As they walked down the lane, a beautiful big butterfly flew past.

"There are lots of interesting things on

a farm," said Nancy.

"Of course there are," said Ted. "I am glad you have come to spend the summer with us."

They went on, to the bars at the end of the lane. Ted climbed up on them.

"Come on up," he said.

Nancy followed; and they stood looking over the top bar into the field beyond. It was a pretty field, with half a dozen large maple trees in the middle of it, some

big elms on the far side and a brook running through it.

"This is the pasture," said Ted. "See the cows."

Nancy could see several cows under the maple trees.

"It is almost time for them to come up to the barn for the milking," said Ted. "We have only six cows now, but when Queenie comes, we'll have seven."

Soon Mr. Wood, Ted's father, came down the lane.

"It is five o'clock," he said. With that he called, "Co' Boss! Co' Boss! Co' Boss!"

Nancy looked puzzled. "What does that mean?" she asked.

"It says, 'Come Bossy!' Watch them," he said.

At once one of the cows started toward the bars.

"That is Polly. She is always first," said Ted.

Behind her came the five other cows—Katie and Maud, Betsy, Fern and Snow.

By this time Mr. Wood had put down the bars. Polly went through into the lane, followed by the five other cows. Up the lane they went, past the cornfield and the peach orchard to the barnyard. When

"'WOULD YOU LIKE ANOTHER CUP?' ASKED MRS. WOOD"

The next afternoon, he drove off to the North Road, where Mr. Wagner lived, and brought Queenie back with him. The children and Mrs. Wood gathered around her. She had a glossy, dark red coat, with a white spot on her forehead and three of her feet were white.

"How beautiful she is!" said Mrs. Wood.

"What nice horns she has!" said Ted.

"What big brown eyes!" said Nancy.

"But the best thing is, that she gives a

large pailful of rich milk night and morning," said Mr. Wood.

While the others were looking at the cow, Ted climbed up on the wagon box.

"Where is my calf?" he asked. "She isn't here."

"Mr. Wagner decided that he didn't want to sell the calf," replied Mr. Wood. "He wants to keep her, hoping that she will grow up to be as good a cow as Queenie."

"Oh, dear!" said Ted, in a disappointed tone.

All the while they were talking, Queenie kept turning her head in the direction from which she had come. Every little while she mooed.

"Why does she keep mooing?" asked Nancy.

"She did not want to leave her calf," replied Mr. Wood.

"She will soon forget it," said Mrs.

Wood.

"I'll turn Queenie into the barnyard alone for tonight," said Mr. Wood. "Tomorrow I'll put her in the pasture with the other cows."

It was a good barnyard, with a large straw stack in the middle. But Queenie was not happy there, without her calf. She kept mooing. Even after night came on and Ted was in bed, he could hear Queenie mooing.

And Queenie did more than moo. In the middle of the night, when all the family were asleep, she pushed the barnyard gate with her head. She poked it with her horns.

"I will go to my calf," she thought.

After a while, the gate came open; and Queenie was soon on the road.

Six miles is a long walk for a cow. Her legs are not as swift as those of a horse or a dog. But Queenie kept on,

now turning a corner, now going uphill, now going downhill, now hurrying along a level road.

The next morning, Ted wakened early and went with his father to the barn to see Queenie. They found the barnyard gate open; and no cow was to be seen.

"I wonder who opened the gate," said Father.

"Where is Queenie?" asked Ted, anxiously.

Now the only thing in the barnyard behind which anything as big as a cow could hide, was the straw stack.

"She may be on the other side of the stack," said Father.

"I'll find out," said Ted.

He ran all around the stack. "There is no cow here. Where could she have gone?" he said, when he came back.

"I'll try to find out," said Father. "I'll inquire at her old home first."

"Let me go with you," begged Ted, when Father was ready to start.

"All right," said Father.

Nancy stood looking longingly as Ted climbed into the wagon. Mr. Wood glanced over that way and saw her wistful look.

"Would you like to go, Nancy?" he asked.

Her face brightened. "Yes, I would like to very much."

So the three of them were sitting happily

on the wagon seat as they went out of the yard.

Along the road they drove, now turning a corner, now going uphill, now going downhill, now hurrying along a level road, till they came to Mr. Wagner's yard.

"I know why you have come," he said.

"Is Queenie here?" Mr. Wood asked.

"Indeed she is," answered Mr. Wagner. "When I woke up this morning, she was standing at the barnyard gate, mooing for

her calf."

They went over to her and Mr. Wood slipped a rope around her horns. But when he started toward the gate, Queenie pulled back.

"She does not want to leave her calf. That is quite plain," said Mr. Wagner.

"Couldn't we take the calf too?" begged Ted.

"I want to keep the calf," replied Mr. Wagner.

"But what shall we do about it?" asked Nancy.

Mr. Wagner thought. Mr. Wood thought. At last Mr. Wagner said, "You may take the calf home with you, if you will let me have her back again after a few months. By that time the calf will have grown so big that Queenie will have forgotten."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Wood.

Ted's eyes sparkled. Nancy's eyes

sparkled. Wouldn't it be fun to have such a nice calf to play with?

They put the calf in the bottom of the wagon. They tied Queenie's rope to the back of the wagon, and she walked contentedly behind.

When they reached home, Ted said proudly, "See my calf. Isn't she a nice one?"

"What a pretty calf?" said Mother.

And indeed she was pretty. She was

exactly like Queenie, except that all her feet were white. Only, of course, she didn't have any horns yet. But her coat was just as deep a red. And her eyes were big and brown. And there was a white spot on her forehead.

Well, they put both Queenie and the calf in the barnyard for that night. And the next morning they were both there, all safe.

"I'll put Queenie in the big pasture

with the other cows," said Mr. Wood. "The calf I will put in the little pasture with Mollikin."

There was a fence between the two pastures, with a gate at the corner. Several times each day, Queenie would go to the fence and look into the little pasture to see whether her calf was there all safe.

And several times each day, Ted and Nancy went down to the little pasture.

Sometimes they would go there to sail boats on the brook. Sometimes they would play with the new calf. Such a pretty pasture it was, with the brook running through it and buttercups dotting the green grass.

"What shall we name the calf?" said Ted, one day.

Nancy thought a few moments. She glanced over the meadow; and there she saw the buttercups nodding in the breeze.

"I know," she said. "Let's name her Buttercup."

"Oh, Nancy, she does not look like a buttercup," protested Ted. "She is not the same color."

"I know that," said Nancy. "Buttercups are as yellow as gold. But they are such pretty things. And the calf is very pretty."

"I have something better," said Ted, after a moment. "Let's call her Princess."

"Good," said Nancy. "She is Queenie's Princess."

Before many days Queenie learned when it was five o'clock. She would go to the lane and wait for some one to put down the bars. Sometimes the other cows would follow her. But sometimes they would follow the lead of Polly, who was an ad-

venturous cow.

On one side of the pasture there was a field of clover. On the other side there was an apple orchard. And at the end of the pasture ran the railroad track.

Every once in a while a train would pass. The whistle would blow. The bell would ring. And the train would come whizzing along, making a tremendous noise.

At first Queenie was startled by it. She would hear the whistle; she would

hear the bell; she would raise her head quickly. But as the days passed and the trains did not harm her, she would keep on grazing as the noisiest train went by.

The calves loved their pasture. There were oak trees in the middle of it. The brook ran through it. There was a trough near the gate, where milk was brought for them night and morning.

They frolicked over the green grass. They took their naps under the oak trees.

They waded in the brook.

Queenie loved her pasture. Birds were always singing in the trees. Buttercups grew here and there. And the little brook sang gaily over the pebbles.

Queenie liked the fresh green grass. She liked to lie down under the maple trees, when the sun was hot. She liked to stand in the brook.

"This is a good place," Queenie said, one day.

"Oh, it is all very well," admitted Polly. "But who wants to stay always in the same place?"

And she went to the fence that separated the pasture from the neighbor's clover field. The field was covered with beautiful red clover blossoms.

"Don't they look good?" she said. "Don't they smell good? Let's go over there."

"How shall we get there?" asked Fern,

who was standing near by. "Just see the fence."

"Who can't jump a fence?" said Polly.

"We had better not," Fern protested.

"Just watch me," said Polly.

This was a rail fence, with the rails going zigzag, zigzag, the whole length of the pasture. Polly pushed the rails with her head. She poked them with her horns.

In a few minutes she had broken down the fence so it was low enough to jump

"IN A FEW MINUTES SHE HAD BROKEN DOWN THE FENCE"

over. And over it she did jump, right into Mr. Manning's field of clover.

The other cows followed her — all but Queenie. They all jumped over the fence into the field of clover — all but Queenie. They began to eat the clover — all but Queenie.

Queenie stood near the brook and kept on chewing her cud. And her great brown eyes looked out over the pasture in contentment.

In a few minutes a clear voice rang out on the still air, "Co' Boss! Co' Boss! Co' Boss!"

Queenie at once started for the bars, where Mr. Wood and Ted were standing.

"Where are the other cows?" asked Ted.

"Didn't they hear?" asked Mr. Wood.

He called again, but no cows appeared. He could see all over the pasture, except for a little corner, which was hidden by

a tiny hill.

"Run over the hill, Ted, and see if they are asleep," he said.

Ted climbed over the bars and ran across the pasture and up on the hill.

"Come," he shouted to Father. He waved his hands and pointed toward the clover field.

Mr. Wood ran up on the hill. Then he saw.

"Our cows in Mr. Manning's clover

field!" he exclaimed. "And they jumped the fence to get there!"

At once he called, "Co' Boss! Co' Boss!"

Polly never even looked up. The other cows did not look up, as they always had done when they heard that call.

Then Mr. Wood and Ted went into the clover field and drove Polly back into the pasture, where she belonged. The other cows followed — Maud, Katie and Snow,

Betsy and Fern. They all went back into the pasture, where they belonged. They all went to the bars, where Queenie was standing.

"If only they were all like Queenie, we wouldn't have such trouble with their getting into mischief," said Ted.

"No, indeed," said Father.

That evening, as they sat on the porch, the family talked about it.

"I can't have our cows jumping into our neighbor's fields," said Father.

"No; that will never do at all," declared Mrs. Wood.

"I'll fix the fence as strong as possible tomorrow," said Mr. Wood.

"Queenie does not jump," said Ted.

"No, indeed; Queenie stays in her own pasture," said Mrs. Wood. "And it is as

fine a pasture as a cow could wish for, with the lovely green grass and the trees and the brook."

All this time Nancy was sitting very quietly by Mrs. Wood's side.

"A penny for your thoughts, Nancy," said Mr. Wood.

Nancy looked up, smiling. "I was wishing I could see my father and mother right now. I wonder where they are to-night."

Now Nancy was happy here on the farm. She loved to roam the fields and climb trees with Ted. She loved to hear the birds sing and to ride on loads of hay. She loved to play with the calves and to sail boats on the brook and to see the cows and the pigs and the chickens. But sometimes at evening she wished she might see her own folks.

Just then a neighbor came into the yard. "I have been to the post office and

brought your mail," he said.

He handed a paper, two magazines and some letters to Mrs. Wood.

"Thank you," she said. "Oh! Here is a letter for Nancy. It has come across the sea."

"Good!" exclaimed Nancy. "Thank you very much for bringing it tonight."

"Where are the travelers now?" asked Mr. Wood.

Nancy read aloud: "We have been

having such a nice time among the mountains in this lovely country of Switzerland. You should see the high mountain peaks. You should see the snow on them."

"Wouldn't I like to see those mountains?" said Ted. "Wouldn't I like to see snow in summer?"

Nancy read on: "You should see the green meadows high on the mountainsides. You should see the herds of cattle grazing in the meadows. They have bells on

their necks. The bells ring as the cows walk around. A beautiful sound it is."

There was a postscript that said, "We are sending a box with gifts in it for you and Ted. It should reach you in a week or two."

"I wonder what is in the box," said Ted.

"I wonder," said Nancy.

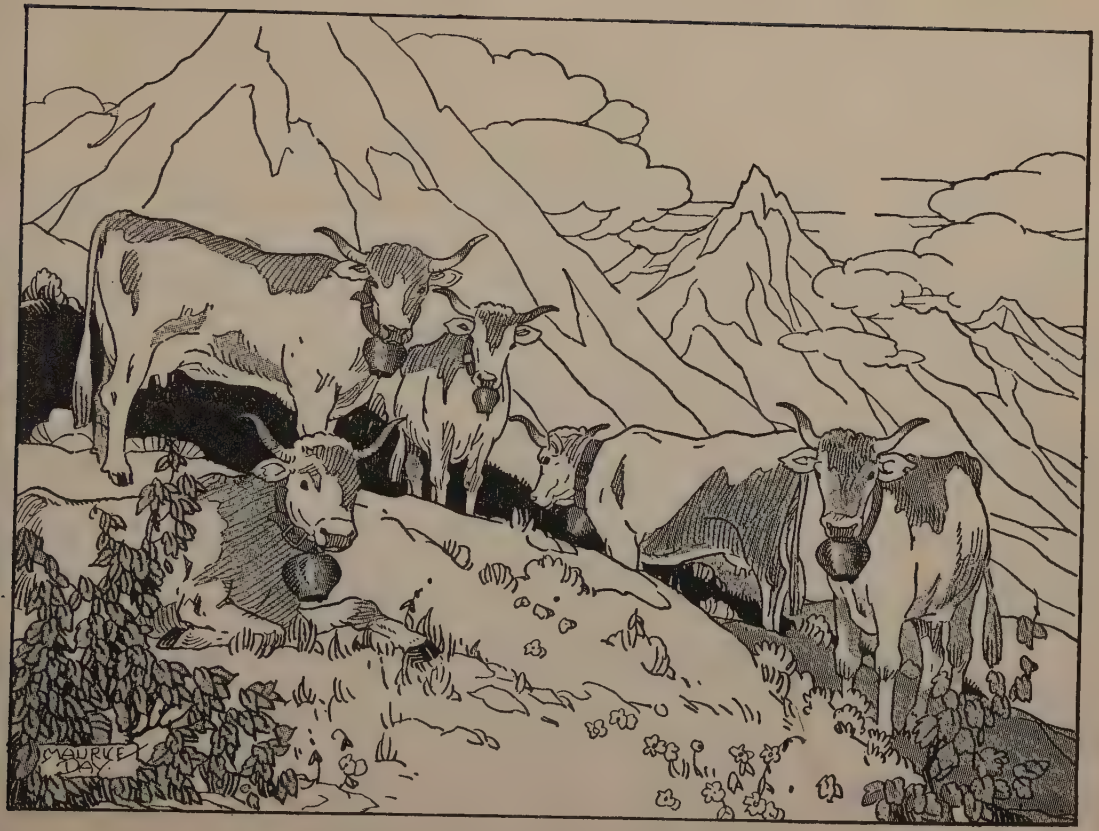
Two weeks later, when Father came home from the village one day, he said, "Here is the box from Aunt Margaret."

"Oh! How big it is!" exclaimed Ted.

"What can be in it?" said Nancy.

"Just wait till I can open it," said Father. "You shall see in a twinkling then."

He pried off the top. Ted reached into it and took out an object wrapped in paper. As soon as it was unwrapped, a



"THEY HAVE BELLS ON THEIR NECKS"

beautiful sound came forth.

"A bell!" he exclaimed.

While Father was busy taking another package out of the box, Ted and Nancy took turns at ringing the bell.

"It is of very different shape from any bell I ever saw before," said Mother.

"It is pretty sounding," said Nancy.

She reached into the box and found another one. This was larger, and it made a louder sound.

Ted found a tiny bell, not more than four inches high. It went tinkle, tinkle. Then he found in the very bottom of the box the largest one of all, fully twelve inches high.

"Just hear this one," he said. A deep, loud tone came from it.

Ted and Nancy each rang one. Mr. and Mrs. Wood each rang one. What a merry sound they made!

"They are surely bells," said Mrs. Wood.

"WHAT A MERRY SOUND THEY MADE!"

"But what are they for?"

"They are not large enough for church bells," said Ted.

"They are not the right shape for door-bells," said Nancy.

"Could they be cow-bells?" asked Father. "Don't you remember the letter? It told of bells on the cows."

"To be sure," said Mother. "Only these are too big for cow-bells."

"Oh, these are not like cow-bells," pro-

tested Ted.

"What is the difference?" asked Father.

Ted looked at them earnestly for a few moments. "These are round," said he.

Then a bright idea came to him. "I'll get our old ones. Then you'll see."

He ran to the woodshed and, from the wall, took down two little bells, each hanging from a string. As he ran back, they rang, a harsh metallic jangle.

"See, ours are almost square," said he.

"They have corners. And their sound is not very pleasant."

"What are cow-bells for?" asked Nancy, suddenly. "Are they for calling the cows?"

"Oh, no. They are to help in finding the cows," said Mrs. Wood.

"I'll tell you," said Father. "Years ago, when there were not so many fences as there are now, and when there were large forests in this country, each cow wore a

bell on her neck. The bell would ring as she walked."

"If the cows wandered off and were lost, they could be found by the sound of the bells, couldn't they?" asked Ted.

"Exactly," replied Father. "Many a time, when I was a boy, my sister Margaret — Nancy's mother — and I hunted the cows when they wandered away. How we would listen for the bells!"

"Oh!" said Nancy. "Now I know. These

bells are worn by the cows in Switzerland, so they can be found if they are lost on the mountains."

"But we have fences to keep the cows in their pasture, so ours don't need bells," said Ted, with a sigh.

"Yes," said Mother. "We will place these on the mantel in the parlor."

All the next day, Ted and Nancy stole into the parlor every once in a while. Each time, they rang the bells. The

largest one rang out deep-toned and loud. The smallest one went tinkle, tinkle, tinkle.

You may be sure that when Polly had once learned to jump fences, she did not forget how. Indeed, every few days, she tried it again.

One day, at five o'clock, when Ted and Nancy and Mr. Wood went to the

"ONE COW WAS ALREADY STANDING THERE"

bars to call the cows, one cow was already standing there. Can't you guess which that one was?

Mr. Wood called. Ted called. Nancy called. But no cows appeared.

"Where can the other cows be?" asked Nancy.

"Where can they be?" said Ted.

Well, they found the cows this time in the apple orchard, eating apples that had fallen on the ground. There were yellow

harvest apples on the ground. There were red apples on the ground.

And that is why there was only one cow at the bars that afternoon.

That evening the family were talking about it.

"Our cows jumped again," said Father.

"They jumped into the orchard," said Ted.

"They all jumped but Queenie," said Nancy.

"Into the orchard!" exclaimed Mother. "But cows do love apples."

"They shouldn't jump fences to get them," said Father.

"I hope they will never jump over the fence by the railroad track," said Mother.

"Oh, what if they should?" said Ted, excitedly.

"They cannot do that," declared Father. "That fence is high and very strong."

He continued, "It is Polly who leads

the way, every time. If she does not stop jumping fences, I shall have to keep her in the barn, or tie her to a stake, so she cannot walk around."

"That would be too bad," said Nancy.

Ted broke in eagerly, "I know what to do."

"What is it?" asked Father.

"Why not put one of those bells on Polly? We could tell by the sound of the bell when she jumps out of the pas-

ture, just as you used to find the cows in the woods."

"A good idea," said Father. "I'll do it tomorrow."

"And why not put a bell on Queenie? A good cow should have a bell, too," said Nancy.

Mr. Wood found two straps, just the right size to reach around a cow's neck. On each he fastened one of the bells.

So the next day, there was a continual

sound of bells in the pasture. Ted and Nancy would stand on the back porch and listen to them.

"I hear Queenie's bell," Nancy would say. "She is in the middle of the pasture, by the maple trees."

"I hear Polly's bell," Ted would say. "She is in the corner of the field by the railroad."

The fame of the bells went far and wide. And the fame of Queenie went far

and wide.

"Queenie is the best cow around here," said one neighbor.

"The very best," said another.

"We might look the country over and not find another cow as good," said Mrs. Wood.

And Princess was a good calf. She had a pretty way of running up to the children when they came to the fence and called, "Come Bossie! Come Bossie!" She

let Ted and Nancy put wreaths of buttercups on her neck.

She liked the children, too, and often stood close by and watched when they sailed boats on the brook in her pasture.

"I wish we could keep Princess always and not ever have to give her back to Mr. Wagner," said Ted, one day.

"But we promised," said Father.

"Yes," said Ted. "And Queenie has not forgotten yet. Only today she came to

"SHE WATCHED WHEN THEY SAILED BOATS ON THE BROOK"

the gate, where Princess was standing, and put her head part way through it and licked Princess' face."

The days passed. The weeks passed. The breezes blew gently over the meadow. The brook sang merrily over the pebbles.

Queenie and the other cows cropped the grass and waded in the brook and

went to the gap each afternoon at five o'clock, to wait for some one to put down the bars.

Then there came a long dry spell, when there was no rain for days and weeks. Except where the brook ran through the meadow, the grass became dry and brown.

Every day the trains came along, with the blowing of whistles and the ringing of bells. The sparks from the engine

would sometimes fall into the dry grass at the side of the track and set it on fire.

The fire would creep along and creep along, burning the grass as it went, till there would be a large black spot. Sometimes Mr. Wood and Ted saw the fire and put it out. Sometimes men working on the railroad put it out.

One day the man who helped Mr. Wood with the farming, accidentally left the gate to the calf pasture open. It was

not long before Mollikin found the open gate and went through into the big pasture. And of course Princess followed her. It was the first time they had ever been there.

And a lovely time they had playing there. A wonderful time they had. But when a train came along and the whistle blew and the bell rang, they went scampering away across the meadow.

That afternoon an unfortunate thing

happened. The sparks from an engine set the grass on fire — the grass along the railroad track.

The fire crept along and crept along till it had burned a big patch of black. Then it crept along and crept along till it reached the high board fence next to the pasture.

The board blazed up till the next higher board caught fire. Up it went, from one board to the next, till a great

hole was burned in the fence.

And the entire fence might have burned, if a shower had not come just then. A heavy shower of rain came. It put the fire out.

But the big hole in the fence was still there.

After the shower, the sun shone again.

The cows came from under the maple trees, where they had gone for shelter.

How fresh and green the pasture seemed after the shower!

How fresh and green all the earth seemed!

Queenie cropped the grass and looked over the meadow and was contented. All the other cows cropped the grass and were contented — all but Polly.

Polly wandered around, now here, now

there, till she came to the fence by the railroad track. And there, to her astonishment, was a big opening, where there had been a high, strong fence.

Before you could wink three times, Polly was through the fence. She was through the fence and walking along the narrow strip of grass between the fence and the railroad track.

And very soon the other cows were following — all but Queenie. They were

all through the fence and walking along the narrow strip of grass between the fence and the railroad track — all but Queenie.

Moreover, the two calves tagged along behind!

Queenie was cropping the grass on the other side of the little hill. But Princess and Mollikin tagged along behind Polly and the other cows.

Polly stopped once in a while to nibble

a nice patch of clover.

"Isn't this fun?" she said. "Isn't it fun to be out of that old pasture?"

"Great fun," agreed Snow.

When they had gone a few rods, Polly crossed the track. The other cows followed.

"This is much nicer than our pasture," said Polly again.

"Much nicer," agreed Betsy.

But if they could have known all the

trouble they were going to cause, even mischievous Polly might not have been so happy.

Mollikin and Princess saw the cows go over the track and followed along behind. Mollikin went first and got safely across.

Princess followed and was almost across when something happened. Something strange and unpleasant happened. Her left hind foot caught in a crevice between the tracks.

Princess tried to go on after the others. But she could not pull her foot away. Something seemed to be holding it. Something strong seemed to be holding it tightly.

After a bit, she cried out. She mooed, as Queenie sometimes mooed. Only it did not sound the same at all. Princess was so small that it did not sound the same as the mooing of a big cow. But it said that she was in distress.

"SHE MOOED, AS QUEENIE SOMETIMES MOOED"

Polly did not pay any attention. The other cows with her did not pay any attention. They kept walking farther and farther away.

But Queenie, over in the pasture, heard that sound. Queenie, who was out of sight behind the little hill, heard it. She looked up quickly. She soon discovered from which direction the sound came and ran to the fence, where she could see Princess.

In her distress, she walked back and

forth, back and forth, her bell ringing very fast.

Now at this time, Ted and Nancy were coming down the lane. After the shower, Ted had said, "Let's go down to the calf pasture and sail boats, Nancy. It will be great fun today, for the brook will be full of water."

When they were part way down the lane, they heard Queenie's bell.

"I wonder why it is ringing so fast," said Ted. "And she is over by the railroad, too. Let's run and see what she is doing."

By this time Queenie had found the hole in the burnt fence. Before you could wink twice she was through it and going toward her calf. In another moment, she was standing beside Princess, who was so

glad to see her mother that she put out her face to be rubbed, as she often did at the pasture gate.

Queenie started back, as much as to say, "Follow me and you will be all safe."

Princess tried to follow. She tried to walk away, but she could not move her foot.

Meantime, far down the track, smoke from an engine could be seen. And the low rumble of a train could be heard.

You may be sure that the children did not stop to sail boats on the brook. They left their boats in a fence corner and never once looked in the calf pasture as they went running past it. So they did not know that Princess and Mollikin were not there, all safe, as usual.

By the time they had climbed the bars,

they could see Queenie on the railroad track.

"Why! How did Queenie get there?" exclaimed Ted. "She never jumps a fence."

It was not till they had gone over the little hill that they saw the hole in the burnt fence. In three winks they were through it and were running up to Queenie.

"Queenie, why are you here, away out-

side your pasture?" Ted was saying, when Nancy exclaimed, "Here is Princess, too."

"Oh, Princess!" said Ted, as he stroked the calf's neck. "You must go back home. This is no place for a calf."

Princess tried to walk. Then Nancy saw what the trouble was.

"She can't move, Ted. Her foot is caught."

"Oh!" said Ted. "I'll get it out,

though."

He pulled it this way and that way. But he could not loosen it. And the train was coming nearer.

"Oh, dear! What shall we do?" said Nancy.

"Run toward the train and wave your apron," answered Ted. "I'll keep trying."

He stepped to the side of the track, but kept trying to get the foot out. Nancy took off her pink apron and ran

"HE PULLED IT THIS WAY AND THAT WAY"

beside the track, waving it as she ran.

The engineer that very moment was thinking, "Why doesn't that cow, or whatever it is, get off from the track?"

But when he saw Nancy running toward him, waving something, he quickly put on the brakes and stopped the train.

"Why! It is a calf," he exclaimed. "And a boy, too."

He came down from his cab. "What is the trouble, sonny?" he asked.

"My calf's foot is caught," replied Ted.

"Oh, I see," said the engineer. "I'll get it out."

He soon succeeded in loosening it. And there was Princess, safe and unharmed.

Glad to be free, she ran to Queenie, who was still standing not far away. And together they started back to the pasture.

Nancy soon came back, very hot and red-faced, but happy.

"You two children saved the calf," said the engineer. "If the little girl had not come along, signaling me to stop, I might not have stopped the train in time."

"If it had not been for Queenie and her bell, we would not have known about Princess being here," said Ted. "It was Queenie who saved the calf."

"Queenie? Who is Queenie?" asked

the engineer.

"The cow," replied Ted. "The mother of Princess. She rang her bell fast and we knew there was trouble."

The engineer looked toward her. "I see," he said. "A fine-looking cow she is, too."

He went back to his engine and started the train. Soon it had gone puffing down the track.

But Queenie and Princess were safe in

the pasture.

Polly, Katie and Maud, Betsy, Fern and Snow were all brought back before night. And Mollikin was brought back, too, though she had wandered far.

Princess was so glad to be back in her own pasture that she skipped and frolicked over the meadow.

"I wish we could keep Princess always," said Ted that evening, when they were talking it over.

"I have some good news for you," said Father. "I saw Mr. Wagner today. He is going to move to the city and doesn't want her back."

"Good!" shouted Ted.

"Goody!" said Nancy.

Many a year after that, Nancy came to spend the summer on the farm.

And many a summer Queenie grazed in the pasture and waded in the brook and waited at the bars at five o'clock and gave a pailful of rich milk night and morning.

But the best of it is that Princess grew up to be as good a cow as Queenie.

THE END